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From Felix Mendelssohn's "Travelling-Letters."

(Continued from page 34).

TO WILHELM TAUBERT.

Lucerne, August 27, 1831.

**** I hardly know for which to thank you first: whether for the pleasure which you gave me while in Milan by your songs, or for your kind letter, which I received yesterday. But both belong together, and so I think we have already made acquaintance. It is quite as well to be introduced to one another through the medium of music pages, as to have it brought about in company by a third person; indeed it is a shorter way to become nearer and more intimate. Besides, the people, who introduce one, commonly pronounce the name so indistinctly, that you seldom know whom you have before you; and they never tell you whether the man is friendly and good-humored, or dark and gloomy. We are more fortunate. Your songs have expressed your name with perfect clearness and distinctness; in them it stands written how you think and what you are, that you love music and wish to make progress; and so perhaps I already know you better, than if we had seen each other often. How pleasant, and how good it is, to know of one musician more in the world, with the same aim and aspiration, and pursuing the same path, is something of which perhaps you cannot conceive, as I now feel it coming from the land where music is no more alive among the people. Until now I could not have thought this of any country, least of all of Italy, amid such rich and blooming nature, and such inspirations of the past; but my last experiences there, alas! have shown me, that more has died out there than merely music; it were indeed a wonder, if there could be a music anywhere, where there are no principles. It quite bewildered me at last, and I fancied that I had become a hypochondriac; for I was not at all pleased with all that buffoonery, and yet I saw a multitude of serious people and staid citizens entering into it. When they played to me anything of their own, and afterwards praised and extolled my things, it was more revolting to me than I can tell;—in short I wanted to turn hermit, with beard and cowl, and the world seemed wrong to me. In Italy one first learns to value a musician, that is to say: one who thinks of music, and not of money or decorations, or the ladies, or renown. There it is doubly delightful to perceive that elsewhere too the same ideas live and develop themselves, unawares to one. Therefore your songs delighted me especially, because I could read from them that you must be a musician; and so we will shake hands across the mountains!

But now I beg you also to consider me a more near acquaintance, and not write so formally of my "giving advice" and "instruction." It is almost painful to me in this letter, and I do not exactly know what I can say to it. The best

about it is though, that you have promised to send me something at Munich, and to write to me again. There I will speak right out to you from my heart, just as it impresses me, and you shall say the same to me about my more recent things, and so we will give each other mutual counsel. I am really very eager to see the new compositions which you promise me; for certainly I shall have great delight in them; and much, that is everywhere foreshadowed in the earlier songs, will surely come out clearly and distinctly there. Therefore I cannot say a word to you to-day about the impression, which your songs have made upon me, because it may easily be, that any question or objection I might make, would be answered beforehand in what you are about to send me. I would only beg you to write to me a great deal and fully about yourself, so that we may become more and more nearly acquainted with each other; I on the other hand will write to you my plans and thoughts, and so we will keep constantly related. Let me know what new things you have composed and are composing, how you live in Berlin, what your plans are for the future,—in short all that concerns your musical life—it will be of the greatest interest to me. To be sure I shall already have that in the notes, which you have so kindly promised me; but fortunately the two things go together.

Have you then as yet composed nothing larger? a real wild symphony? or opera? or something of the sort. I for my part have now an irrepressible desire to write an opera, and have scarcely patience to begin anything else or smaller; I believe, if I had the libretto to-day, the opera would be ready tomorrow, for I feel so strong an impulse to it. Formerly the mere thought of a Symphony was something so transporting, that I could think of nothing else whatever, with one in my head; there is something so solemn, so heavenly in the sound of instruments; and yet I have let a Symphony, which I had begun, lie untouched for a long time, in order to compose a Cantata by Goethe, merely because there I had voices and choruses besides. I will now finish the Symphony, to be sure; but there is nothing I wish more, than a good Opera. But where the text is to come from, I am more at a loss than ever since last evening, when, for the first time for more than a year, I came across a German æsthetic journal again. It really looks as chaotic on the German Parnassus, as in European politics. God be with us! I had to digest the supercilious Menzel, who modestly comes out in it, to disparage Goethe, and the supercilious Grabbe, who modestly disparages Shakespeare, and the philosophers, who find Schiller after all too trivial! Is this modern high-flown and uncomfortable spirit, this cross-grained cynicism as disagreeable to you, as it is to me, I wonder? And are you of my opinion, that it is the very first condition for an artist, that he have respect for what is great, and bow before it, and recognize it, and not try to blow out the great flames, to make the small tallow candle shine a little brighter. If a

man does not feel what is great, how, I should like to know, will he make me feel it? And if all these fellows, with their lofty contempt, are only able after all to bring out imitations of this or that mere superficiality themselves, with no conception of that free, fresh creative mood, all unconcerned about what people say, and about Aesthetics, and critical judgments, and all the rest of the world,—is one not to abuse them?—I abuse them. But do not take it ill of me; perhaps this is out of place; it is only that I had not read anything of the sort for a long time, and it put me out of humor, that this nonsense should be still going on, and that the philosopher, who maintains that Art is now dead, should still keep maintaining, Art is dead, as if it could ever really die!—

But these are strange, wild, thoroughly excited times, and whoever feels that Art is dead, should let it rest in peace for God's sake. But however wildly the storm may rage without, it will not pull our houses down about our ears at once; and if one stays in and works calmly on, and only thinks of his powers and his object, and not of those of other people, it often passes over, and one cannot realize it to himself afterwards under so wild an aspect as it wore to him at the time. That is what I propose to do, as long as I am able, and go quietly along in my own way; for no one will dispute me, that there is such a thing as Music, and that is the main thing. How delightful it is now to find some one, who chooses for himself the same end and the same means, and how refreshing every new assurance of it is,—is what I should like to tell you, but I don't know exactly how to do it. You will imagine it for yourself, as indeed you will have to supply the best part of this letter out of your own mind; and so farewell, and let me hear from you speedily and fully. Pray give my best greetings to our dear Berger;* I have always wished to write to him, but have not accomplished it; but it shall be done soon. Pardon this long, dry letter; the next one shall be better; and once more farewell.

your

FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTOLDY.

Rigi Culm, Aug. 30, 1831.

I am on the Rigi; more I need not say, for you know the mountain. If it only were not all so inconceivably beautiful!

This morning I came away from Lucerne; all the mountains were overhung; the weather-wise ones prophesied bad weather; but as I have always found that it turned out just the opposite of what these wise ones say, I have looked out for my own symptoms, and so far have prophesied as falsely as the rest. But this morning's weather did not suit me badly, and as I did not wish to go right up, while all was overhung with clouds, (for one grows prudent after such an experience on the Faulhorn), I crept about the foot of the Rigi all the morning, and looked up, to see if it would not clear off. Finally about twelve o'clock,

* Ludwig Berger, Mendelssohn's pianoforte teacher.

in Küsnacht, I stood at the parting of the ways, on the right to the Rigi, on the left to Immensee, decided not to see the Rigi this time, took leave with some emotion, went through the Hölle Gasse to the lake of Zug, along the water, by a lovely path, to Arth, but still kept squinting up toward the Rigi Culm, to see whether it was not coming out clearer. And while I dined in Arth, it grew clear; the wind was very good; the clouds were lifted on all sides; I decided, and went up. But there was no time to lose, if I would see the sunset; so I went at a sturdy mountain pace, and in two hours was at the well-known house upon the Culm.

There I saw about 40 men standing above with upraised hands, admiring, pointing, with the liveliest excitement. I ran up; another new and wondrous spectacle! In the valleys all was full of mist and clouds, while above high snowy mountain chains, and glaciers with the black rocks, looked out pure and clear. The mists moved onward,—covered a portion of the scene; then came out the Bernese mountains, Jungfrau, Mönch and Finsteraarhorn; then Titlis and the Unterwalder mountains; at last the whole chain stood distinctly out; and now the clouds began to break up also in the valleys; you saw the lakes, Lucerne and Zug, and towards sunset only thin, bright streaks of vapor lay upon the landscape. Coming out of the mountains as I did, and then looking toward the Rigi, it is as if the overture and other pieces came back at the end of the opera; all the places where you had seen such heavenly views: the Wengern Alp, the Wetterhorns, the Engelberg valley, you now see lying close beside each other, and can take your leave of them. I imagined that the effect could only be so great the first time, through surprise, before one knows the glaciers; but it is almost greater at the last.

Schwyz, Aug. 31.

To-day and yesterday I have gratefully recognized, under what fortunate auspices I made my first acquaintance with this part of the world; and how much it contributed to open, or sharpen my sense for it, to see you at that time in the highest state of admiration, forgetting in your wonder all that is every-day and common. To-day I have frequently remembered your delight, and how it made an impression on me at the time. Evidently the Rigi has become attached to our family, and in its loyalty has granted me again to-day as pure and glorious a sunrise, as it did then. The waning moon, the merry Alpine horn, the long protracted rosy hue of morning, which first lay about the cold, shadowy snow mountains, the little white clouds over the lake of Zug, the clearness and sharpness of the jagged peaks, leaning towards one another in all directions, the light, which gradually showed itself upon the heights, the people tripping about and shivering in their bed blankets, the monks from Maria Zum Schnee,—nothing was wanting. I could not tear myself away from the sight, and remained there six hours longer on the summit, gazing at the mountains. I thought that much must become changed before we should meet again, and wanted to impress the scene upon my mind as firmly as possible. People went and came too, and they talked about the dark and anxious times, about politics, and the bright mountains over there. So

the morning passed away; and finally at about half-past ten I had to go. It was high time, for I wished to go on to-day to Einsiedeln, over the Hacken. But on the way over the steep path to Lowerz my faithful umbrella, which had also served me as a mountain staff, broke into many pieces; that detained me, so that I preferred to remain here, and start fresh in the morning.

Wallenstadt, Sept. 2.

(Year of rain and storm.) Motto of the drowned coppersmith: "He that can't sing another strain, must begin the old one over again!" Here I sit again in the midst of fog and clouds, can neither go forward nor go back, and, fortune favoring, we may have another little inundation. As I sailed over the lake, the boatmen prophesied capital weather; consequently it began in half an hour to rain, and is not likely to hold up so very soon; for the clouds hang gloomily and heavily again, as you only see them in the mountains. Three days hence it might be as bad, and I should care nothing about it; but it would be a pity, if Switzerland should make up such an ugly face at me as I am taking leave. I have just come from the church, where I have been playing the organ for three hours long, deep into twilight. An old, lame man blew the bellows; besides him there was no one in the church. The only registers that could be used, were a very weak, hollow sounding flute in the Manual, and a quavering 16-foot Sub-bass in the Pedal; with these I extemporized the whole time, and came at last into a Choral melody in E minor, and was unable to recall where it came from. I could not get rid of it, and suddenly it occurred to me, that it was the Litany, the music of which lay in my head, because the words lay in my heart; so now I had a wide field, and plenty to extemporize. At last came the consumptive Sub-Bass, deep down, all alone:



in E minor; and then came in the Flute again far above with the Choral in E minor, and so the organ gradually hummed itself out, and I was obliged to stop, because it had grown so dark in the church.

Meanwhile it rained and stormed terribly outside; of the grand high rock walls not a trace was to be seen; the dreariest weather! Then too I read dreary newspapers,—and so all was gray. Tell me, Fanny, do you know Auber's "*Parisienne*?" That I regard as the worst thing he has made; perhaps because the subject was really a high one, but also for other reasons. To compose for a great people, in the grandest state of excitement, a little, cold, common, trifling piece—Auber alone could do such a thing. The refrain enrages me, as often as I think of it; it is like children playing with a drum, and singing to it,—only worse. The words too are good for nothing; little antitheses and points are out of place in such a thing. But the music with its emptiness! A march for rope-dancers, and after all a mere miserable copy of the *Marseillaise*! That is not the thing for the times; or woe unto us, if that is the thing for the times,—if it had to be a mere copy of the *Marseilles Hymn*! What in the Hymn is free, bold, full of inspiration, is here ostentatious, cold,—calculated, arti-

ficial in its make. The *Marseillaise* stands as far above the *Parisienne*, as everything, that springs out of true enthusiasm, stands above that which is made for something, even if it be for enthusiasm. It will never go to the heart, because it does not come from the heart. By the way, nowhere do I find so striking a resemblance between musician and poet, as between Auber and Claren. Auber translates faithfully, note for note, what the other says word for word: the bragadoccio, the infamous sensuality, the pedantry, the dainty bits, the coquetry with foreign nationalities. But how will you expunge Claren from the history of literature? And does it do anybody any harm, that he holds a place in it? Does it make you any the less glad to read something good? A young poet cannot have got far, if he does not heartily despise and hate such stuff. But then the people like it, it is true; it is all very well, only it is the people's loss. But write me your opinion about the *Parisienne*. I sing it to myself for fun sometimes as I walk along; you can imagine yourself a chorister marching in procession.

Sargans, Sept. 3.

Noon.

Cheerless weather. It has rained again all night and through this morning, and moreover it is cutting cold as in winter; deep snow lies already on the nearest hills. In Appenzell a fearful inundation has occurred again, doing the greatest damage, and desolating all the streets; on the lake of Zurich there are plenty of pilgrimages and processions on account of the weather. I was obliged to drive here this morning, because the roads stand full of mud and water; and now I shall remain here till to-morrow, since the diligence comes through here very early, in which I think of going up the valley of the Rhine as far as Altstetten. Probably to-morrow evening I shall be already on or over the border of Switzerland, for the pleasure journey is now ended, Autumn is here, nor need I complain, if I do have a couple of tedious days, after so much that is beautiful and never to be forgotten. On the contrary I almost like it; there is always enough to do here, even in such a nest as Sargans, and even in such a deluge as to-day, for fortunately no place here is unprovided with an organ. They are small to be sure—the lower octave both in Manual and Pedal broken, or as I call it, crippled; still they are organs and that is enough for me. To-day I have played all the morning, and have begun to study, since it is really a shame that I cannot play the principal things of Sebastian Bach. In Munich, if it is practicable, I mean to practice an hour every day; for I have to-day, after a few hours, made some progress with my feet (*nota bene*, sitting). Ritz had told me that Schneider in Dresden had played to him the D major Fugue in the "Well-tempered Clavichord,"



upon the organ, taking the basses with the Pedal; that always seemed to me so fabulous, that I never fairly comprehended it. This morning it occurred to me again at the organ; I set about it without delay, and have at last got so far as to see, that it is not at all impossible, and that I will learn to do it. The theme went

pretty well already; and in this way I have also practised the passages from the D major Fugue for organ, from the F major Toccata, and the G minor Fugue, which I knew by heart. If I find a regular and not imperfect organ in Munich, I will learn it, I will take a childish delight in playing these things on the organ. The Toccata in F major with the modulation at the close sounds as if the church would tumble down. That was a terrible fellow for a Cantor!

Besides the organ playing I have also much to execute in my new sketch book (one was finished full of sketches at Engelberg). Then I must eat like 600 fighters,—after dinner practise the organ again, and so passes the rainy day at Sargans. It seems to be beautifully situated, with the castle on the hill; but one cannot set his foot out of doors.

Evening. Yesterday at this time I still had pedestrian projects, and wanted at least to go through the whole of Appenzell; it was strange enough to me to learn, that the mountain travel was probably all over for this year. All the heights are thickly covered with snow; for as it has rained here in the valley for the last 36 hours, so it has snowed above; the herds must come down from the Alps, where they should have remained for a month more yet, so that of course a footpath is out of the question. Yesterday I was still on the mountains, and to-day for the next half year it is impossible. The foot journey is finished, and was wonderfully beautiful; I shall never forget it. Now we will apply ourselves industriously again to making music. It is high time for it.

I have just been practising the organ again until twilight, and was treading about furiously upon the Pedals, when we suddenly remarked that the deep C sharp in the Sub-bass kept humming on quite softly, but incessantly. All my pressing, rattling and pushing of the keys was of no use; we had to climb up into the organ, among the big pipes; still the C sharp hummed softly on; the fault lay in the *wind-chest*; the organist was in great tribulation, because to-morrow is a festival day; so finally I had to stuff my pocket handkerchief into the pipe, and then it made no further humming, but also no C sharp. I kept continually playing this instead:



it goes very well. Now I will finish my drawing of the Rhone glacier, and then the day belongs to me, i.e. I go to bed. On the next page I will write where I shall be to-morrow evening; but as yet I do not know. Good night; it is striking eight in F minor, and it rains and storms in F sharp minor, or G sharp minor,—in all possible keys with sharps.



St. Gallen, the 4th.

Motto: *Vous pensez que je suis l'Abbé de St. Gall (Citojen).* For I feel so comfortably here now, after braving storm and tempest. The four hours over the mountains from Altstetten to this place were a regular battle against the weather. When I say, that I never experienced anything like it, or supposed it possible, it is saying nothing; but the oldest people of the Canton say

the same. A large manufactory has been demolished and several lives lost. To-morrow, in my letter from the last place in Switzerland, I will tell you how I had to go on foot once more, and how I reached here, having come across through Appenzell, looking like Egypt after the seven plagues; for now the dinner bell is ringing, and I shall feast like an abbot.

(To be continued.)

Original MSS. of Great Composers.

"A. W. T." (our "Diarist") calls the attention of the Editor of the *Musical World* (London) to the very great value which mere descriptions of original MSS. of works by the great composers can have for the collector of biographical materials. He says:

Especially is this the case with Handel, who so carefully dated his MSS.—an example followed, though not always, by Beethoven. How it was with Haydn I do not know. But, besides the value of a manuscript in a critical revision of a work for publication, there are often points about it, even if undated, which may render a description certainly worth putting upon record in some periodical publication. There must be many of Haydn's MSS. scattered about in England: why not have descriptions of them put into the possession of the public through the medium of your press? Personally I am at present more interested in Beethoven's MSS., and would heartily thank any person who would aid in making known what there is from his pen in England, and whether any peculiarities are presented worthy of note. As specimens of such descriptions aid to show what interest such MSS. may have, I copy from my notes the following, in relation to two MSS. kindly offered me for inspection by Herr Johann Nepomuk Kafka, a teacher and composer of this city. I translate the remarks of Beethoven on the MS., as the original German would have few charms for most of your readers.

The first of these MSS. has, in Beethoven's own hand, the following title, in which, it will be noticed, the first word wants a letter or two:—

"Gran Sonate, Op. 28, 1801, da L. v. Beethoven."

Fifty-one pages, ob. 4to. In the rondo, in two cases, a new page is sewed over the original, and very different music written. The corrections and alterations in the first movement are very numerous; in the *andante* and *schizzo* comparatively few, the principal ones in the latter being an erasure of seven bars in the *schizzo*, and of eight in the *trio*. The rondo again is much cut up.

On the blank page, after the close of the sonata, Beethoven has written part of a canon (?) to the words "Hol' dich der Teufel," after which is a short piece for two voices and chorus, in which the violinist Schuppanzigh is called an "ass," a "scamp," a "Swine-stomach," &c., and the chorus sings—

"We all agree to this, thou art the greatest
Ass! O scamp! he, he, haw."

Herr Kafka is of opinion that this was written upon occasion of some quarrel. On the other hand, I put it with the broad jests of that day, which were not wholly unknown in other cities besides Vienna, as the anecdotes of artists, actors, dramatists, &c., very abundantly show.

The second of the MSS. is the "Waldstein Sonata," Op. 53. You no doubt remember what Ries says of this (see Schindler's *Life of Beethoven*, edited by Moscheles, vol. ii. p. 297):—"The Sonata in C major (Op. 53), dedicated to his first patron, Count Waldstein, had originally a long *andante*. A friend of Beethoven's pronounced this sonata to be too long, which brought him a volley of abuse in return. Upon quietly weighing the matter, however, my master convinced himself of the truth of this assertion. He then published the grand *Andante* in F major, three-eighth time, separately, and afterwards composed the highly interesting introduction to the rondo such as it now stands." See now how the MS. confirms Ries, as appears from my notes.

This MS. has no title other than "Sonata Grande," in very small letters, and is without date; thirty-two leaves, ob. 4to. On the margin of the first page of the *allegro* is written, in Beethoven's own hand, "N. B. Where Ped. stands all the dampers are to be raised, both bass and descant. 'O' signifies that they are allowed to fall again." The first movement fills thirteen leaves, and has few corrections—for Beethoven. Then follow three and a half pages of "In-

troduzione" *adagio*, of which half a page has been crossed out. This is in a *totally different ink*. Half a leaf is sewed to the lower half of the fourth page of this "Introduzione," and contains the beginning of the *rondo*, and thenceforth the ink is the same as that of the first movement. On the last page Beethoven has written, "For those to whom the shake, where the theme and the shake occur together, is too difficult, the passage may be made easier thus:—"



or, according to their powers, double this, as



Of these sixes two will be struck to each quarter note in the bass; besides, it is of no consequence if this trill loses somewhat of its usual rapidity."

Such short notices of MSS. have for the historian a value of which most readers have little conception. A. W. T.

Vienna, January 27, 1862.

Managerial Puffing.—The London Opera Season.

[From "The Illustrated Times."]

The system of "every theatrical manager his own critic" has of late been gaining ground immensely. Mr. Webster's opinion of Mr. Bourcicault's dramas, Mr. Buckstone's opinion of Mr. Sothorn's acting, are now proclaimed daily in the playbills as a matter of course. Thus the public are told not only what they may have for their money, but also why what they are invited to have is particularly and pre-eminently worth having. Can anything be more reasonable? The cheap tailors do precisely the same thing; and were it not for its advertisements, the firm of Moses & Son would be unknown beyond the precincts of the Minorities, instead of enjoying, as it actually does, a well-earned notoriety in every part of the civilized world where the British journal penetrates.

Hitherto, from some mistaken notion of dignity, our leading operatic managers have usually abstained from the following in the steps of the most eminent Jew clothiers and slopsellers. We do not blame them for it. We only mention the fact, and have endeavored to some extent to explain it. It must be remembered, that in many countries, and occasionally even in England, operatic managers have been men of considerable literary and artistic attainments (more than one author of distinction and some of the best composers of the day have directed operas during the last fifty years), and, not being mere speculators, or at all first-rate men of business in the Minorities sense of the word, they have not understood the great advantage of addressing themselves expressly to the ignorant and vulgar, who, in all communities form the immense majority, and who, therefore, ought especially to be studied. The competition of the music halls, however, seems at last to have convinced our operatic impresarios of the necessity of abandoning the antiquated system of announcing only the names of the singers engaged and the works which they meditate bringing out. To be sure the vocalists whose services are retained at the various "music-halls" are usually quite unknown to the public; so that there is more necessity for violently calling attention to their merits than to those of Mario and Titiens, or of Patti and Giuglini. But both systems have been tried—the quiet and the loud; and just now it is evident that the loud is everywhere found the best. Let us go with the times, and in a spirit of becoming impartiality, let us not impute to Mr. Gye and Mr. Mapleson faults with which we should never have thought of charging Mr. Morton or Mr. Weston.

The only thing we have really to complain of in this novel plan (as applied to the opera) of "every manager his own critic" is that the critic, who is not a manager, has his hands tied by it. What is he to say to the public about the merits of Mad. Chantrelle or of Signor Squallinalto, when the public has been already informed, through the medium of a dozen advertisements, that the former is "a true artist in every sense of the word," and that the latter is "decidedly the first tenor of the day?" The point is settled at once by such statements as these, and all that is left to the unhappy journalist is to para-

phrase, adorn, elaborate (to intensify would be impossible) the praise so liberally accorded by the director to the singer he has thought fit to engage, and with whose merits he must naturally have made himself acquainted before signing the contract. To question the impresario's opinion would be unbecoming; to contradict it—would be impossible. Here and there we may be allowed to offer a remark in corroboration of what has already been advanced by the director; but, generally speaking, the modest part we have henceforth to play is that of echo to the managerial thunder. The directors of the two rival Operas appear to be equally impressed with the importance of the coming International Exhibition. "It will naturally be a source of pride and gratification to the musical amateurs of this country to know," says Mr. Gye, "that among the wonders and sights of London the Opera will not suffer by comparison with that of other great capitals; but, on the contrary, that the general and received opinion will be confirmed by our guests that, whether the individual talent of its different members or the perfection of its general *ensemble* be considered, the Royal Italian Opera stands pre-eminent among all similar establishments. To maintain, therefore, the reputation of the Royal Italian Opera, every effort will assuredly be directed, and such arrangements made as will tend to secure a most brilliant season." As for Mr. Mapleson, he appears to have resolved to open Her Majesty's Theatre simply and solely because he imagined that if, during the International Exhibition, it remained shut, all England would be disgraced. This is kind of Mr. Mapleson, and proves that he has a good heart. But let him speak in his own words:—"Called upon unexpectedly (name of the person or persons calling upon him not mentioned) at a moment when the metropolis was about to be deprived of the performances of Italian opera in this great and renowned Temple of the Muses, and at a time when a vast influx of visitors from all parts of the world are expected to visit London during the International Exhibition, rendering it almost a national disgrace if Her Majesty's Theatre should remain closed on such an occasion, Mr. Mapleson is deeply impressed with the responsibility of his undertaking." More than that, Mr. Mapleson has engaged a company which includes many well-known and admirable singers, such as the incomparable Mlle. Titiens and Madame Guerrabella among the sopranos, the sisters Marchisio of duet celebrity, Signor Giuglini among the tenors, and Sig. Gassier among the barytones. Of course, a number of foreigners and not a few British provincials will continue to think for many years to come that Her Majesty's Theatre is still, and has never ceased to be, the Italian Opera *par excellence* of London—"Its august appellation," says Mr. Mapleson, gravely, "identifies it in the idea of many as the Government theatre." For the benefit of strangers, it would perhaps have been more ingenious not to have published this last remark. We observe that Mr. Mapleson is determined to make as much as possible out of the ancient reputation of "Opera House;" and, moreover, do great things in order to keep it up; for he informs us that, "to retain the old prestige of Her Majesty's Theatre, the nights of the performance in future will be Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays!"

"To increase the amount of subscriptions at the Royal Italian Opera, the nights of performance at that theatre in future will be Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, and there will be a double subscription list. Mr. Gye, also, (like Mr. Mapleson) looks back with some solemnity to the past, and tells us that he cannot but be gratified still to find around him so many of those artists who have long assisted to sustain the reputation of his theatre"—meaning, we presume, those veterans, Mario, Ronconi, and Taubertlik; as well as Mad. Didée, who, though she has been many years at the Royal Italian Opera, is still quiet and eminently in her prime. Nor can the veterans—veterans as they are, and though they have scarcely two voices between the three—possibly be replaced with advantage. These singers of a past or passing generation have genius, minus a certain amount of singing power. Many of the younger tenors and barytones have more singing power, but no genius.

But to return to the new and improved system of advertising adopted by the rival operatic managers, let us invite the notice of our readers to the following curiously elaborate eulogium on Mlle. Titiens:

"It is seldom that Nature lavishes on one person all the varied gifts which are needed to form a great soprano. A voice whose register entitles it to claim this rank is of the rarest order. Melodious quality and power, which are not less essential than an extended register, are equally scarce. Musical knowledge, executive finish, and perfect intonation are indispensable; and to these the prima donna should add dramatic force and adaptability, and a large measure of personal grace. Even these rare endowments will not suffice un-

less they are illumined by the fire of genius. By one alone, of living artists, has this high ideal been reached—by Mlle. Titiens."

The manager of Her Majesty's writes with a bigger and broader nibbed pen, and is a greater hand at a flourish than we can pretend to be; but he does not go beyond us in admiration of Mlle. Titiens, who is certainly by far the greatest dramatic singer of the day. She can prove that, however, at any time, and therefore does not require to be praised by the director of the theatre where she is engaged, and who, in accordance with directorial custom would praise her almost as much if she were only a vocal list of ordinary merit, like so many others who, without deserving it, have been lauded to the skies. May we here be allowed to take the liberty of hazarding one small objection to the style of the two operatic programmes just issued? Or rather without making any direct complaint, may we be permitted to venture to suggest that the sort of puff adopted by the proprietor of a place called "The Pavilion," is more attractive and more amusing (while it is, at the same time, couched in more elegant phraseology) than anything in the same line that has yet been hit upon by Mr. Mapleson or Mr. Gye? In calling attention to the approaching termination of the engagement of "Miss Constance," the chief of the Pavilion quietly expresses a hope that, ere this engagement finally expire, "the opportunity (i.e., of hearing Miss Constance) may not be lost by those who have not yet participated in the delight occasioned by her sweet melodies."

Now, what can be pretty if that isn't? We never heard Miss Constance, and probably never shall; whereas we have often heard Mlle. Titiens, and shall hear her again as often as possible. But the plain neat little appeal—almost touching in its simplicity and innocence—with which Miss Constance has inspired her director goes to the heart. The elaborate commendation of which Mlle. Titiens is made the subject dazzles for a moment, and is then forgotten. One cannot help feeling a liking for Constance; but, in spite of the managerial praise, we are still convinced that Mlle. Titiens is the greatest singer.

Gustave Doré.

The genius that is expressed at the point of a pencil is not so readily or so universally recognized as that which finds expression in writing. But when it does make its mark and secure the recognition of the highest tribunals of taste, it takes rank with the most exalted literary genius. Great painters live forever in their works, just as great authors do. The eye and the intelligence are alike gratified. Designers for engravings, whose works are monochromes, are less fortunate than painters, inasmuch as the latter can often produce their best effects from variety of colors.

Without citing instances from past history, as proof of the necessity for positive genius in order to execute works which shall be great simply as drawings or engravings, we proceed at once to the consideration of the artist whose name is at the head of this article, and who is, indisputably, the greatest genius of this age, in his particular line of art. Paul-Gustave Doré was born in Strasburg in January 1833, and came to Paris, to study at the Charlemagne Lyceum, in 1845. In 1848 he began to make designs for the *Journal pour Rire*, and published various other things, mostly of a comic character. He also produced a number of paintings, and several of his works in 1855-57, relating to the war in the Crimea, had a certain success.

But it is as a designer for engravings that Doré has become distinguished, and the American public know him only through his illustrations of various books. His designs for an edition of *Rabelais*, published in 1854, first brought him to the notice of the admirers of the famous French humorist. The wonderful humor of Rabelais and the amazing extravagances of Gargantua, Pantagruel and Hanagré have never been so felicitously represented. The designs express the very spirit of the author. The satire and wit receive new point from the illustrations. Doré's genius fairly luxuriates in the rich fields of Rabelais. In the same year was published, apropos of the war with Russia, a burlesque *History of Russia*, with numerous illustrations by Doré, in which the very height of the extravagant and the grotesque was attained. In the year 1856 Doré found other congenial work in the illustration of Balzac's extraordinary *Contes Drolatiques*, the humor and tone of which were essentially Rabelaisic. He also gave to the world in that year the remarkable illustrations of *Le Juif Errant*, which were his first great efforts at a line of art of a serious character. They were bold, even extravagant in conception, but they showed a degree of originality that was astonishing, and a maturity of

ideas very rarely found in a youth of twenty-three. In 1857 appeared the *Essays of Montaigne*, finely illustrated by Doré, and a superb edition of *Les Contes de Perrault*, in which the illustrations ennoble the fairy tales; the picturesque, the beautiful, the comic and the grotesque being charmingly blended, to give dignity to the simple stories of the nursery.

For a long time Doré has been engaged on a more ambitious work than any that he had previously undertaken—the illustration of Dante's *Inferno*. This was completed last autumn, and we do not hesitate to say that it shows more genius than any work of the kind ever published. The form is folio, the paper is fine and strong, and the typography is equal to anything ever issued by a French publishing house. The designs, seventy-five in number, are engraved on wood, but with the fineness and delicacy of steel engraving, and with an effect that could not be excelled on any material. In these noble works there is no trace to be discovered of the comic genius that revelled in Caricature and absurdity. All is serious, stately and exalted. The awful sublimity of the poet's conceptions fills the soul of the artist. The designs tell the marvellous story as vividly as the verse. Dante illustrated by Doré becomes more intelligible. The work of the artist seems, indeed, to complete the poem.

The frontispiece of the work is a portrait head of Dante, nearly of life-size. The face, while bearing the characteristic lines and expression that are so familiar in all the representations of the poet, is highly idealized. It has an exalted, earnest, rapt air that fully expresses the character of the author of the *Divina Commedia*. As each one of the illustrations is a fine study, it is difficult to make selections for special notice. The earlier ones represent Dante wandering in the dark forest and his encounters with the panther, the lion and the she-wolf. The scene with the lion is particularly fine. The meeting with Virgil is illustrated by several exquisite scenes, and there is one lovely one, where the beatified spirit of Beatrice appears. The descent through the awful gate of Hell is well portrayed, and then we have a view of Charon, followed by another in which he appears driving the damned into the boat. The first Circle of Hell is then reached, where lie the souls of the unbaptized. There is next an exquisite sylvan scene, in which the poets encounter the ancient bards Homer, Horace, Ovid and Lucan. In the next circle appears the monster Minos, condemning the sinners as they pass before him. Then there is a representation of the whirlwind of condemned spirits—the *bufiera infernal*—out of which are summoned the shades of Francesca and Paul of Rimini. There are four magnificent plates relating to this episode.

The horrors of Hell increase as the story is advanced into the successive circles, and the artist, however awful his conceptions in the past, seems always to have a reserve of power to express the new horrors. Physical suffering is portrayed in every conceivable way. The variety, as well as the power of the drawings, is amazing. The scenes in the Stygian Lake, in the 7th and 8th cantos, are especially remarkable, and one is at a loss which most to admire, the exquisite scenic effects, or the pictures of torment involved in them. In the ninth canto there is a representation of the three Furies, in full flight, that is astonishing as a representation of motion. Several other views, in which flying figures appear, are equally vigorous representations of action and flight. The fiery tombs of the arch-heretics, and particularly that of Farinata, are as awful and sublime as was the conception of the poet. The encounter with the Minotaur, and that with the Centaurs, are illustrated by several very vigorous designs. We are then brought to the abode of the Harpies, and the views in this part, where the condemned are transformed into gnarled trees, whose contortions express human agony in a fearful way, are full of power.

Language is soon exhausted in speaking of these wonderful illustrations, and we forbear further attempts to describe them. There is, however, a series of four, relating to the tragedy of Ugolino and his sons, that deserve especial mention. In the first Ugolino is seen gnawing at the head of Ruggieri in the frozen gulf, while heads and figures in all expressions and attitudes of agony fill the surrounding ice. The prison-story, with Ugolino and his sons in successive stages of starvation, is represented in three marvellous illustrations, any one of which would be worth framing and preserving separately.

The last view relating to Hell is one in which, on the frozen surface of the lake of the ninth circle, rests an awful image of Lucifer. From this frightful scene we turn with relief to a view of the poets approaching the upper world, and the last illustration of all where they appear under the placid light of the stars, with a lovely moon sinking beneath the radiant

Chopin's Mazurkas.

49

A tempo.

Semper plano.

Ped.

Fed

* Ped.

Ped.

Ped.

Peu

Cres.

Ped.

Ped.-

• **Fed**

Ped.

Cre

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1

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Ten.

Ped.

Gen.

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—

Stretto.

Cre

4

do.

2

1

100

Ped.

❦ Po

Dim.

Chopin's Mazurkas.

The musical score is arranged in seven systems, each with a piano (piano) staff and a vocal staff. The piano part is written in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. The vocal part has lyrics in Polish and Latin. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, accidentals, and dynamic markings like 'p' and 'Ped.'.

Lyrics (Polish):
do. di - mi - nu - en - do.
Smor - zan - do. Fine.

SIXTH SET.

51

Mesto.

No. 22.

Op. 33, No. 1.

Musical score for No. 22, Op. 33, No. 1, Sixth Set. The score is in 3/4 time, key of D major, and consists of eight systems of piano and vocal staves. The tempo is Mesto. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The vocal line is present in the fifth and sixth systems, with lyrics in Italian. The piano accompaniment is present throughout the piece.

Appassionato.

p Di mi un - en do. *f*

p

Ped. *

First system of a Mazurka. Treble and bass staves. The treble staff contains a series of chords and single notes, while the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The system concludes with a 'Fine.' marking and a double bar line.

No. 23.

Op. 33. No. 2.

Second system of Mazurka No. 23. The tempo/mood is marked 'Semplice.' and the dynamics 'p' (piano). The system begins with a repeat sign. The treble staff features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, and the bass staff provides a steady accompaniment.

Third system of Mazurka No. 23. The treble staff continues the melodic line with various ornaments and grace notes. The bass staff maintains the accompaniment pattern.

Fourth system of Mazurka No. 23. The system concludes with a 'Fine.' marking and a double bar line. The treble staff has a final flourish, and the bass staff ends with a sustained chord.

Fifth system of Mazurka No. 23. The tempo/mood is marked 'Dolce.' (dolce). The system begins with a repeat sign. The treble staff features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, and the bass staff provides a steady accompaniment. The system concludes with a 'Ped.' (pedal) marking and a double bar line.

Sixth system of Mazurka No. 23. The system begins with a 'Ped.' (pedal) marking. The treble staff continues the melodic line with various ornaments and grace notes. The bass staff maintains the accompaniment pattern. The system concludes with a double bar line.

Seventh system of Mazurka No. 23. The system begins with a 'Ped.' (pedal) marking. The treble staff continues the melodic line with various ornaments and grace notes. The bass staff maintains the accompaniment pattern. The system concludes with a double bar line.

waters, is soothing and delicious, after so great a display of the terrific.

This work is enough to immortalize Doré, and join his name and fame forever with that of Dante.—*Phil. Eve. Bulletin.*

THE DOCTOR OF ALCANTARA.—The little comic opera which we have been expecting for some months has been at length brought out at the Museum with unqualified success. Mr. Eichberg has produced a most sprightly, agreeable work; particularly when we remember that it was written with special reference to the limited musical abilities of the Museum company. The music is pleasing without being pretensions, and is marked throughout by a musician-like grace and freshness. In fact it is just the precise thing for the object intended. The opening serenade, with the interjectional accompaniment of the three ladies, is very neatly arranged.

The little duet of the basket carriers, of a few bars only, has a humorous piquancy which is decidedly original. The "Knight of Alcantara," very cleverly sung by Miss Mestayer, is really a capital song, well written, and with nice adaptation of the music to the words. The best piece of the work, however, is the quartet "Good night, Señor Balthazar." The serio-comic character of the music is admirably suited to the scene. The melody is, in itself, quaint and characteristic, and the orchestral accompaniment is wrought up with capital dramatic effect. The tenor music is, perhaps the least attractive, and the concerted music lacks effect mainly from the want of vocal power and compass on the part of the singers. The work does not please by any remarkable salient points, but from the general cleverness and pleasantness of the whole. The author has shown real ability in so adapting his music to the company as to produce that which they can accomplish creditably and interestingly. We honestly confess to an agreeable surprise. Not that we did not know Mr. Eichberg to be a thorough musician; but we did not really suppose that he could take an English libretto and marry it to music so skillfully. The orchestral portion is very gracefully written throughout, a pleasant vein of the melody running through it constantly. We believe that this is the first American comic opera, and certainly the beginning is so agreeable that we hope it may be continued.

The performance was quite spirited on the part of the ladies. We should not look for any special excellence in the way of vocal acquirements from those who are not vocalists professedly. But the singing was prompt and correct, though the intonation suffered considerably. Mr. Hill's voice seemed to be worn, and he is scarcely sprightly and easy enough for a gallant, adventurous lover. Mr. Mestayer acted well, but his voice lacked sonority. Mr. Peaker has a fine, sonorous bass voice and bore off his short scene with good spirit. Altogether, in spite of the drawbacks, the performance was a very agreeable one, and Mr. Eichberg may congratulate himself on having produced a work which is in every way worthy of him as a musician.—*Musical Times.*

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK MAY 3.—Wall Street and Irving Place are two grand political and social indices, and very sensitive are they to the least shock or revulsion. The little ticking of the magnetic wire, whispering a victory for our arms, will set forty thousand "bulls" and "bears" capering and kicking, advance "Government Sixes," and start the opera. An "official despatch" of rather gloomy nature, will "decline" the paper, "depress" the market and jerk to the doors of the Academy with a portentous slam. Grau has been testing a little. Like an experienced aeronaut, he has safely fastened his cable to the ground and, after an observation of three nights of opera, he has concluded to come down, and is now safely laid aside waiting for "something to turn up." New Orleans may have caused him to prick up his ears a little, Fort Macon may have opened his eyes, but he is probably waiting the grand climax at Corinth, Memphis and Yorktown. Grau is sharp and no one is better adapted to successful campaigning than he. We have just had the opera in tantalizing tit-bits. Just enough to make us crave for more. "Rigoletto," "Favorita" and "Fille du Regiment," the debut of Tombesi a new tenor, and a possible rival of Brig-

noli, the *ventrée* of Ferri, and Kellogg as a dashing *vivandière* with a rub-a-dub that would shame a drum-major! Surely, isn't this a charming bait? We wait the movements of McClellan and Grau with equal solicitude. Grau has gone to Washington with his whole troupe, including Francesco Amodio, brother of the rotund Amodio, whose sad decease was so universally regretted. It is said his voice is almost equal to his brother's in quality and quantity. Miss Kellogg is the only prima donna upon whom Grau can rely. The husband of Mme. Baseggio informed him that his wife's illness would prevent her re-appearance on the stage. This is a great loss, as Mme. Susini has withdrawn temporarily from the troupe, and of course one soprano can hardly bear the fatigue consequent upon a rapid production of operas. These things will all be remedied before another season is announced. We shall have to bide our time.

The Philharmonic Society closed the present season on Saturday night. Irving Hall was crowded to excess. It always is on the occasion of the Philharmonic concerts, and always should be. The programme at the last concert was very good, if we can pardon the persistent omission of vocal music. This is one respect in which we New Yorkers are inferior to our Brooklyn neighbors. While the latter engage and present the best artists that can be found none but an occasional volunteer is ever announced in the New York concerts. The opening Symphony was Schubert's in C. There is in it but little of that captivating sweetness that characterizes so many of Schubert's works. The second movement, the *Andante con moto*, is a most delicious strain and its quiet beauty is doubly appreciated, sandwiched as it is, between the commonplace themes and instrumentation of the other movements. [Our friend should hear it again. Ed.] A concerto of Mozart with Rich. Hoffmann at the piano was a happy relief. Fertile imaginations could trace through it some unique little melody of "Die Zauberflöte," but it was none the less successful on that account. Hoffman played with his usual grace and ease, and an encore won from him a modest little Sonata [?] short and sweet. The "Orphée," *Poème Symphonique*, by Liszt is one of these sympathetic compositions with exquisite strains for wind instruments woven through it. Bruno Wollenhaupt played a *Concerto Militaire* by Lipinsky, and Lestch played a solo on the trombone by Felicien David. Theo. Eisfeld wielded the baton at this agreeable concert, which, to the regret of many, was the last of the season.

Mason and Thomas gave their last concert on Tuesday evening at Dodworth's Hall with the following programme:—1. Quartet, in G minor, Mozart, No. 1, for piano, violin, viola and 'cello—Mason, Thomas, Matzka and Bergner. 2. Quintet in C major, Schubert, for two violins, viola and two violoncellos—Thomas, Mosenthal, Matzka, Bergner and Lühde. 3. Quintet in E flat major, Schumann, op. 44, for piano, first and second violin, viola and 'cello, Mason, Thomas, Mosenthal, Matzka and Bergner.

Gottschalk gave two concerts, one on Wednesday and one on Friday evening at Niblo's. He was assisted by Carlotta Patti, Tombesi, Ferri, Mollenhauer, Sanderson, and Muzio as musical director and conductor. He advertised a Sonata (for piano and 'cello) in B flat by Mendelssohn, but played a duet for those instruments composed by himself. Patti sang superbly, a polka "L'Amour," composed for her by Muzio, and with Tombesi, the duetto in the *Ballo*. Gottschalk played "Lucrezia," and "Troatore" fantasias, and a number of his latest and finest works.

J. M. V. Busch announced a performance of his "Stabat Mater" about a week since, but he was unable to raise the requisite funds to pay his orchestra in advance and so the affair failed. Miss Clara M.

Brinkerhoff was to have taken the soprano part and Mr. Durant the tenor.

The fifth and last concert of the Brooklyn Philharmonic takes place to-night. The soloists will be Tombesi, the new tenor, and Master Willie Barnesmore Pape, the youthful pianist, whose performance at Madame Anna Bishop's parlor concerts was so eminently successful. He is but ten or eleven years of age and plays Thalberg's and Gottschalk's most difficult pieces with an ease and precision that is wonderful.

Theo. Thomas announces a monster concert on the 14th, at Irving Hall. Among other novelties he will present the whole of the music for his brother's tragedy of "Struensee;" Wagner's descriptive Overture, "Der Fliegende Holländer," and Moscheles' piano-forte composition, "Les Contrastes." Mme. de Lussan is the principal lady vocalist engaged.—Thomas has secured the services of quite a number of first-class artists and also the Philharmonic Society.

Geo. F. Bristow had a complimentary concert given him on Wednesday evening last by his pupils, at the Cooper Institute. It was largely attended and gave evidence of the rapid advancement made—especially in chorus singing—by Mr. Bristow's pupils.

Miss Caroline Richings has been creating quite a *furor* in the "operatic drama," the Enchantress.—She sings very nicely indeed and her acting is very attractive. The Pirate's Chorus, "Ever be happy," is sharing equal favor with "Glory Hallelujah;" street whistlers are in ecstasies, and the result is that the Enchantress is popular.

Trusting that this rough medley of occurrences, strung rudely together without any adornments or polish, will be acceptable, I am yours truly,

T. W. M.

CINCINNATI, APRIL 28.—Last week we had the long promised German Opera by our musical Society, the "Maennerchor," which embraces a mixed chorus as well as a male chorus. The "Freischütz," by Weber, has been performed four times and "A night in Grenada," by Kreutzer, twice, always to large audiences of 1000 to 1500 persons in the spacious and elegant opera house. Mad. Schroeder-Dummler, from New York, was the prima donna; all the other parts were filled by amateurs, members of the Society. The chorus was very good, and rather the main feature of the whole. It consisted of about fifty members, who, on the fine large stage, with its tasteful scenery, appeared very pretty in their handsome costumes. They made a very striking contrast to the common little band of indifferent and oddly looking choristers of the regular opera companies. In this instance the gay hunters and bridal girls and the lively country people moved as easily and naturally, as in real life, and while giving pleasure to others, seemed to enjoy themselves hugely.

Very great praise is due to their most efficient leader, Mr. Carl Barus, to whose persistent and indefatigable labor we principally owe these operatic performances. They have been preparing all winter, and a great deal of time has been spent in rehearsing, but the time has been well spent, as we have seen such handsome results.

The prima donna, Mad. Schroeder-Dummler, has not pleased very much, and it has been rather a matter of surprise, that she has been praised so highly in New York papers. She is, no doubt, a cultivated and accomplished singer; her voice, although not powerful, is pleasant, and she appears and acts well enough; but she has the unfortunate habit of dragging the time, and thereby her performances,—with very few exceptions, such as the prayer in the "Freischütz," which was finely rendered,—suffer so much, that they are tame and weary the listener.

Also her voice lacks in *timbre*, and it may be partly owing to this, that her dramatic expressions, which also are true and good and free from those miserable exaggerations, so much in vogue now-a-days, are not *piquant* enough. In this respect Mad. Johanssen, the prima donna of last year, is much her superior.

To criticize as sharply the other performers, who were all amateurs, some of whom have fine voices, a correct musical ear and show dramatic talent, would neither be fair, nor of general interest.

In these operatic performances the common order has been rather reversed; the choruses and finales were of more importance, than the solos, and the orchestra was so well drilled, as to claim a fair share of attention. It is principally owing to this that the operas have been really enjoyable and made one wish for more performances of the kind. X.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 10, 1862.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of Chopin's Mazurkas.

Concerts.

THE "FIRST WALPURGIS NIGHT."—The success of Mr. LANG's undertaking, last Saturday evening, was complete. The Music Hall appeared filled, and with such an audience as only the expectation of something really fresh and good could have called out—those who respond only to the best appeals. Mendelssohn's delightful music, so full of fresh and vivid fancy, so well conceived in its connection with Goethe's poem, so true to nature in its spring-like opening, so equal to its high religious themes, so full of quaint surprises and so graphic in the more fantastic parts, was thoroughly enjoyed from first to last. And, what was the best evidence of the sincerity of the interest shown in it, it was quite as attentively and generally listened to, and still more enjoyed, upon the repetition. The second performance naturally was the best, the singers having become more at home in it. The solo singers, especially, improved upon their first trial of their voices in the large hall and in a position rather new to several of them. The chorus of 150 voices, all young, fresh, telling, (with no dummies), and finely balanced, sounded remarkably well throughout, and was always up to the mark. We have seldom heard so fine a body of soprani and contralti in any of our Oratorio or choral performances. It shows that counting up voices by hundreds is not of much use unless they are effective; 150 effective ones are more to the purpose than twice their number as we sometimes hear them. The orchestra did its work well in the exceedingly ingenious, descriptive, difficult accompaniments; and Mr. Lang himself, the youthful conductor, appeared very well at ease and master of his position, new to him as the position was. There was unity of design, rightly conceived, and carried through with energy, in this somewhat bold enterprise of his; and the result was in the highest degree creditable to him.

But let us take things in their order. We have already given a brief synopsis, with the words of the Cantata, so that we need not repeat them now.

First the Overture, describing the incoming of Spring, and preparing the way, spreading around the atmosphere as it were for the opening Spring

Chorus, seemed to take possession of all minds as it was intended. The first half, *Allegro con fuoco*, suggesting stormy weather, the wintry background, was perhaps not so fully appreciated, as the transition to Spring, *Allegro vivace*—a more lifesome, but not so swift an *Allegro* as the first; this is so full of fresh, warm, delicate Spring airs, so redolent of "bud and bloom," so sweet with promise, that it could not fail to steal the listener's soul away, as an ideal May day should. The Druid solo (tenor) was tastefully sung, with a voice of purity and sweetness, by Mr. LANGMAID, but with hardly power enough; it was much more effective in the second performance. Then the chorus, taking up the same words: "Now May again breaks Winter's chain," &c., sung first in two parts, soprano and contralto, sounded deliciously fresh and spring-like; it resembles one or two of Mendelssohn's part-songs on the same subject; the male voices come in at the exhortation: "Begin the ancient holy rite," and the simple strain grows to full, complex harmony, reaching a splendid climax. Compare all this with Haydn, in the "Creation" and the "Seasons":—it is certainly very different music, quite as true to nature, and with a deeper poetry in it.

Mrs. KEMPTON suffered from hoarseness, so that her rich voice was not quite itself in the warning solo of "An aged woman of the people:" "Know ye not a deed so daring dooms us all to die despairing?" But her good dramatic declamation triumphed somewhat over this infirmity.

Mr. WETHERBEE delivered the majestic solos of the Druid Priest in artistic, dignified, firm style, making the most of his evenly developed, although somewhat dry bass voice. The music which falls to his share, with that of the chorus responding and re-affirming, is of truly noble quality, and did not suffer much in the execution.

The very graphic chorus of Druid guards setting the watch: "Disperse, disperse, ye gallant men," well as it was done otherwise, did suffer from being given with that uniform loudness, which was too characteristic of the whole rendering of the Cantata. Sung *pianissimo*, as the words suggest, it would have been thrice as effective; it seems designed to be almost a whispered chorus.—The Druid guard, who suggests the plan of frightening the Christians away by dressing up as demons, found "large utterance" indeed in the grandly voluminous bass of Mr. RYDER. But certain peculiarities of pronunciation marred the dignity of the thing considerably; as: "We will *skee-are* the *bee-got* rabble." This gentleman surely has capacities for a grand *basso profundo*.

The most successful piece in the rendering, as well as the most original and wildly effective in the music, was the chorus in which the scheme is put in execution:

Come with torches brightly flashing
Rush along with billets clashing;
Thro' the night gloom, lead and follow,
In and out each rocky hollow.
Owls and ravens,
Howl with us and scare the cravens!

How much lies in the apt selection of the word sung sometimes! How splendidly that word "flashing" sounds in such a place, and really flashes out the image by its sound! While on the other hand, how meanly and out of keeping with the music the word "rabble" sounded in the preceding solo! Orchestra and chorus did their

best here, and, considering the great difficulties of the piece, made it very effective and exciting.

Having thus scared away their persecutors, the Druids go on with their solemn rites. Twice we hear them, our attention being diverted for a while from the grand religious strain of the high priest and people, to the cries of a frightened Christian Guard, (Mr. WADLEIGH, tenor, sang it as if too truly frightened), and the chorus of his comrades, possessed with fear of witches, imps and devils. Fortunate that *this* should be the weakest part of the performance. After the interruption, we hear the solemn sound of Druid worship going on again; the final priest solo and chorus being in fact but a resumption of the strain we heard before. The conclusion is solemn and grand, and perhaps the composer did wisely to keep it in the uniformly free style of the whole composition; but one almost wonders that he resisted the temptation of such noble words to work up this finale, with all the power of fugue and counterpoint, in oratorio style. He chose however to write a romantic composition, as the poem required, and not an Oratorio. His object is to let us see the Druids at their worship, not to work us up into it, and carry our rapt souls away on wings of Fugue, as is the aim always with an Oratorio. And so we find the answer to the question which we raised last week, after hearing the first rehearsal, and own that this closing chorus is *not* the least impressive portion of the work.

The novel experiment of repeating the "Walpurgis Night" at the end of the concert, as we have said, worked admirably. No one, who was not doubly interested in it on this second hearing. Riper audience, as well as riper rendering, was secured by it. Between the two performances, some alternation was afforded by two pieces. First, a Duo for two piano fortes, Thalberg's fantasia on *Norma* themes, showed very brilliant and nice execution on the part of Miss MARY FAY and Mr. LANG. The young lady has a remarkable touch, and such a hand as few pianists for her instrument. But the piece was trivial, much of it consisting of mere scales, and not worth the bringing together of two grand pianos to produce it. Secondly, the "Midsummer Night's Dream Overture" was nicely rendered on the whole but we must question the sense of the unusually long pauses which Mr. Lang made between the aerial chords which open and close the overture. His conductorship, however, was remarkable for a beginning. Practice will bring more self-possession, and more liberty to pay regard to light and shade. Everybody came away thanking Mr. Lang, for a rich evening and a fresh experience.

ORPHEUS MUSICAL SOCIETY.—The Farewell Concert given by this long united "Liederkrantz" to their comrade Mr. JANSEN, after several postponements, took place on Wednesday evening at the Melodeon. Mr. KREISSMANN, having happily recovered, was at his post as the Conductor. The audience was large and responsive to the music. The programme, as printed, was as follows:

PART I.

1. Chorus: "Vineta".....Abt
2. Aria: "Die Entfuehrung aus dem Serail".....Mozart
R. Jansen.
3. Chorus and Solo: "Schlaft in Ruh,".....Moering.
4. Piano-Solo: Andante and Menuetto from op. 78.
F. Schubert
Hugo Leonhard.
5. Chorus: "Auf dem Rhein".....Kuecken
6. Song: "Der Wanderer".....Schubert
R. Langerfeldt.
7. Chorus: "Italienischer Salat," (Musical Jest).....Genée

PART II.

1. Chorus: "Die Jungen Musikanten".....Kuecken
2. Violin solo, Rondo Papageno.....Ernst
William Schultze.
3. Song: "Der Erl-König".....Schubert
A Kreissmann.
4. Gesang der Geister über den Wassern. Eight-part Chorus
with string accompaniment (words by Goethe). Schubert
5. Song: "Im Traum sah ich die Geliebte".....Gumbert
Carl Schraubstädter.
6. Deutschnationalpatriotisches Quodlibet.....Kunze

Great was the disappointment, however, at the omission of the most important item, the eight-part chorus by Schubert; this was necessitated by the engagement elsewhere on that evening of the players of violins, violas and basses required for accompaniment. The chasm was but poorly filled by dropping into it a "trifle light as air," a waltz, which a portion of the Club sing with a certain gusto. This only added to the triviality of the second part, already mostly either trivial or sentimental in the selections composing it. The first part was by far the most satisfying. The chorus "Vineta," embodying the tradition of a ruined city beneath a lake, the bells whereof may be heard ringing from below the water, has a rich, dreamy, tranquil breadth of harmony, and was beautifully rendered, the voices blending finely. (But throughout the evening the hall did not seem to favor the resonance of either voice or instrument).—"Schlaf in Ruh" (sleep in peace) is a charming serenade, in which the baritone solo was sung by Mr. SCHRAUBSTÄDTER with great unction; it had to be repeated. Kücken's "Rhine" chorus, has a careless jovial tramp as of travelling students, who pause on the way to give a serenade, the music growing sentimental at the mention of *Mädchen*, in which tenor (Kreissmann) and baritone figure in solo and duet, and then on they tramp again, with tossing up of hats and ringing laughter. We like it better than the "*Jungen Musikanten*" in the second part. Mr. JANSEN's humorous bass Aria, truly Mozartish, was sung with fine style and spirit; and Mr. LANGERFELDT was successful with "The Wanderer;" but both this and the "Erl King," so beautifully sung by Mr. Kreissmann, capital songs as they are, have grown somewhat too familiar to strike with all their original force at all times. Mr. Schraubstädter's song, a weak one in itself, was sung with singularly fine expression, and musical, warm quality of tone.

Mr. LEONHARD played the *Ballade* by Chopin, instead of the piece set down, and played it in a very genial and artistic style, as he did all the accompaniments. Mr. SCHULTZE's "Papageno" solo was popular and pretty—no more—but very neatly executed. Of the two "Quodlibet" pieces, or burlesques on the Italian opera, the first, or "Italian Salad," was much the happiest; the ingredients as to words being such terms as *forte*, *fortissimo*, *a piacere*, *morendo*, and so on, mixed up with *la vendetta*, *rabia*, *felicità*, and the like; while the music was composed of imitations of, not borrowed from, the commonplaces of Italian Opera. The second one had lost its interest for us with one hearing:—ingenious, but somewhat too coarse and childish.

On the whole, the concert gave a great deal of pleasure; but we shall all be sorry to miss Mr. JANSEN in those which may come hereafter. How much his brothers of the "Orpheus" will miss him, they have shown us by this musical "Farewell."

SCHUBERT'S SYMPHONY IN C. — Our New York correspondent, in the letter which we print to-day, dismisses this great work so summarily, after a single hearing, (the admiration of Mendelssohn and Schumann, and all the foremost musical minds of Germany, to the contrary), that we are tempted to recall here part of the record of our own first impression of it some ten years ago.

"The success attending the bold experiment by Mr. Suck's little orchestra, of producing this very long,

very difficult, very novel, complex and profound composition, for the first time in Boston, may be counted among the good signs of the times.

"Some, no doubt, even of our most thoroughly baptized classical music-lovers, missed the clear, concise, well rounded and at once intelligible form of those perfect models of style, the symphonies of Haydn and Mozart. To such this gigantic effort of Schubert naturally seemed over-labored, forced, ambitious. Such too was the first impression of a symphony of Beethoven upon minds of the same class and culture; yet he has slowly won his way into their hearts. Schubert belongs to the new era, which Beethoven opened. Both were mighty geniuses, creative minds, true spirits of this age, and it was not possible for them, like lesser minds, to imitate and simply continue the ways of Haydn and Mozart, however admirable. We shall not be so rash as to pronounce upon a great symphony, after a single hearing. But we can truly say that it impressed us deeply. It was most exciting music,—exciting to the end, although it was almost an hour in length. The multitude of exquisite themes, strikingly contrasted, beautifully distributed among the different instruments; the depth of sentiment, often impassioned; the gigantic vigor with which every thought seemed carried out; the utter absence of anything in the least degree commonplace or hacknied; and the evident fervor into which it kindled the musicians themselves,—were strong assurances, in addition to our own intense interest and emotion, that this was really great and uncommon music,—that there was a great deal in it, whether it were all clear or not. Certainly no listener, at all sympathetic, could fail to recognize the genuine heavings and aspirations of a large and earnest soul in those strange, — beautifully strange, harmonies.

We liked the first movement best, perhaps only because we came to it fresher and understood it more. The slow introduction, the all-pervading theme of which, a solemn and religious *canto fermo* strain, is first intoned, as it were, by an unaccompanied French horn, is of the most grand and impressive character, and the Allegro full of fire and dignity. The second movement (*Andante con moto*) is the only piece of music we have ever heard that seemed to us in some sense analogous to the mysterious second movement in Beethoven's seventh symphony. This was very long, as were the Scherzo and the Finale, though both rioting in a splendid originality and liberty of fancy. These are only first impressions and very vague and general, of course."

Musical Intelligence.

WORCESTER, MASS.—The Mendelssohn Quintette Club gave the last of their series of concerts, at Brinley Hall on Tuesday evening, 28th ult. Every seat was taken, and the concert was in all respects successful. The programme was good; better than we have had before this season. Most of the selections have been given here before, but they were such as bear frequent repetition. The Club brought with them additional performers; adding to their strings, horn, bassoon, and contra-bass, a pleasing combination of instruments, especially in such master hands. The concert opened with Flotow's Overture to *Stradella*, given with broad orchestral effect which would have been lost in a larger hall than "old Brinley." Pleyel's Hymn with variations followed, recalling some of the Club's earlier concerts. Next came the beautiful *andante* and *variations* from the Beethoven Septet, op. 20, with its calm and placid opening, upon which soon enters the first violin with its melodious call answered by the other instruments which follow it, weaving a wreath of musical beauties; the horn then taking up the theme, all joining finally in a grand union of harmony. Then followed a

flute fantasia on airs from *Macbeth*, in which Goering's flute spoke unutterable things, as dainty and delicate as the flutter of fairy wings; next, a solo for horn, *The Dream*, played with skill and taste by August Hamann; then two very acceptable selections from Mendelssohn—the exquisite canzonetta from the quartet in E flat, op. 12, in light, tripping measure—a midnight, elfin dance, pervaded with a fragrance delicate as that of spring-flowers; and the familiar *Song without Words*, No. 4, Fifth Book. The leading performance of the evening came last upon the programme—Schubert's Octet in F. The opening of the work is rather the promise than the realization of excellence; but if it wearies the listener a little, he forgets it when the *larghetto* opens with that beautiful, self-sustaining melody on the clarinet, with its richly-toned ground-work of accompaniment, the horn at times taking up the theme. The solemn, stately *larghetto* changes to the *scherzo* with its quaint fancies; this, in time, giving place to the deep, wild earnestness of the *andante*, ending at last in a brilliant *allegro*, a triumphal close to a work full of the romantic genius of Franz Schubert, who composed for the love of music, and of whom the inscription upon his monument says with truth, "The art of music buried here a rich possession, but yet fairer hopes."—*Palladium*.

PHILADELPHIA.—There was a fashionable assemblage last evening, at the Musical Fund Hall, when a complimentary concert was given by the pupils of Signor Perelli to their instructor. The concert was conducted on the plan of the French Benevolent Society's Concert, the performers being screened from the audience by a gauze curtain. The singing was very good, in some cases quite worthy of professional artists. The duettos from *Norma*, *Favorita*, *Rigoletto*, *The Crown Diamonds*, &c., gave great satisfaction. The cavatina from *La Sonnambula*, "Come per me sereno," was artistically sung by a favorite Soprano. The young lady evidently possesses musical talents of the first order—reminding us of little Patti, particularly her Staccato notes. The performance received the approbation it deserved. The same lady rendered essential service in duettos. The concerted pieces of the programme were well adapted to the style and voices of the singers.

"Kathleen Mavourneen" was charmingly sung by a distinguished Contralto, and was rapturously encored, as also a Swiss ballad by another lady. The duetto from *Il Barbiere*, "Danque Io son," was particularly fine, and was received with a storm of applause.—*Evening Bulletin*.

Mr. BIGFELD'S CONCERT, given last evening at the Musical Fund Hall, drew together a large audience, in spite of the rain. The performance was excellent. Bigfeld's Brigade band played several pieces very well, but the brass instruments are too loud for the hall, and the return to the wood and stringed instruments was grateful. This concert introduced to us Mr. Theodore Eisfeld the distinguished conductor of the New York Philharmonic Society's Concerts, and after last night's experience, we are not surprised that he should have won so high a reputation. The Overture to *Emryanthé* and the exquisite Allegretto Scherzando movement of Beethoven's 8th Symphony were splendidly played, the latter receiving a hearty encore. A Polacca, written by Mr. Eisfeld, shows that he has genius for composition as well as for direction, and it, too, was warmly applauded. A curious and interesting piece for two pianos (eight hands) by Moscheles in four movements, illustrating four distinct styles, was well played by Messrs. Wolfsohn, Charles Jarvis, Michael Cross and Kammerer. Madame Johannessan sang the Bolero from the *Sicilian Vespers* and a quaint cuckoo song by Satter, very acceptably, being encored in each. The most astonishing performance of the evening was Mr. Koppitz's flute playing. Besides doing all that other performers can do on the flute, he has a way of playing duets that is marvellous, and he does other things that are quite indescribable. The Mannerchor assisted with their voices in the opening march, a spirited composition by Mr. Bigfeld. They also sang "The Warrior's Night Song," by Blum, with fine effect.—*Id. May 6*.

Music Abroad.

VIENNA.—The *Musik Zeitung* speaks warmly of the annual concert (April 13) of Julius Epstein, one of the most classical and genial pianists. "His programme contained almost too much of good and beautiful. The first number, a MS. piano-forte Concerto, with orchestra, composed by his very young pupil, Ignaz Brüll" [we remember well the handsome boy, with face full of genius, like a young Mozart] "confirmed the good opinion, which we had already gained in several occasions, of his talent. The *motives* are altogether noble and fitted for symphonic treatment; the treatment, too, in many respects really interesting. In build and plan, however, there is much vagueness, and the youthful composer has yet serious studies to make before he will acquire the plastic mastery of form. May he not be fondled into vanity!—Herr Epstein played, with Frau Amalie Rawack-Mauthner, Mozart's Sonata in D for two pianos. The lady's playing is sound, facile and graceful; the playing together of the two artists was superb, and Mozart's piece had full effect, except that the *tempi* of the first and last Allegros were a little too fast. The Largo from Beethoven's first Concerto, finely as Epstein played it, had better have been omitted; for we hold it unartistic to tear Beethoven's compositions into fragments. With Bach's Concerto in D major for piano, violin, flute and stringed Quartet, which Epstein had played once before this season, he again carried the whole audience away in enthusiastic applause (especially the first movement with the splendid cadence). Frau Peschka sang songs by Schubert and Schumann with her peculiar correctness and grace.

The Society of Friends of Music gave their second social evening April 10th. The programme contained two overtures: Spohr's to the "Mountain Spirit," and Beethoven's to "Fidelio"; one of the smaller and less known Symphonies of Mozart (D major 4-4); "The division of the earth" by Haydn (very powerfully and effectively delivered by Herr Mayerhofer); and "a piano Concerto by Mendelssohn in D minor, a very lovely and fresh composition, which (the *Zeitung* says) we do not remember ever to have heard in public" (!).

A music festival for the erection of a statue of Beethoven at Heiligenstadt, the master's favorite residence, was to be given by the society of artists, called the "Green Isle" (is there an Ireland in Vienna?).

The Männergesang-Verein has renounced the project of visiting London during the Great Exhibition.

HALLE.—The Singakademie, under the direction of Robert Franz, have given a successful performance of Handel's "Israel in Egypt." The same society has devoted itself with especial interest to the music of Sebastian Bach; having sung thus far not less than 21 of his Cantatas.

BERLIN.—While the Royal Orchestra in its Symphony Concerts, and Liebig, in his popular café concerts, are constantly performing the great classical masters, Robert Radecke is bringing out new works. At his third concert he gave an overture to Schiller's "Tell," by Schlottman, a composer who resides in Berlin—an orchestral piece from the "Romeo and Juliet" of Berlioz; a Hymn for Alto and chorus: "Song of Heloise," by Ferd. Hiller; an *Ave Maria*, and "Song from Fingal," by Brahms; and Fräulein Marie Wiek played Chopin's F minor Concerto and Beethoven's Fantasia with orchestra and chorus meeting with a warm reception.

Mlle. Artot has been creating the same sensation at the Royal Opera House, that she has for a couple of years past at the Victoria Theatre. The whole

court have been constant in their attendance; and the queen has desired her to sing in the four concerts given at the palace under Meyerbeer's direction.—A new opera, "Actæa, or the Maid of Corinth," composed by A. Bott, has been brought out at the Royal Opera. It is said to be a work of real talent.—The Italian troupes at Kroll's theatre, under the management of Sig. Grasigna, have given *Linda di Chamounix*.

Graun's oratorio, "The Death of Jesus," was given at the Garrison church during Passion Week.

MUNICH.—The third and fourth subscription concerts of the Musical Academy gave Beethoven's *Eroica*; an air from *Jessur*; a Prelude and Fugue by Bach, instrumented; Terzet from "William Tell"; Overture to Goethe's *Iphigenia in Tauris*, by B. Scholz; Suite for orchestra in D minor, by Lachner; aria from Handel's *Semele*; Introduction to third act of Cherubini's *Medea*; Fest-overture by Beethoven, op. 124.

Herr Mortier de Fontaine has given the first two of a series of concerts. The pieces have been: Trio, by Emanuel Bach; Sonata, piano and violin, in A, by Fiorillo; Beethoven's 'cello Sonata, op. 69; Schumann's Trio in D minor; J. S. Bach's Violin Sonata in A major; Trio by Haydn, in D; Sonata by F. Schubert, in D minor; and Beethoven's great B flat Trio. The wife of the concert-giver sang songs by Schubert, Schumann and Reichardt.

HEIDELBERG.—The Society for Instrumental Music has performed during the past season: Schumann's B flat and Beethoven's Choral Symphony, and Handel's "Alexander's Feast." Herr Boch, director.

MAYENCE.—The "Liedertafel," under Rühl's direction, gave at their last concert Beethoven's 7th Symphony, and a Mass in C by Cherubini.

Dresden.—Richard Wagner has leave to return with impunity to Saxony.

London.

From the full and regular reports of the *Musica World* we take the following.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—*Guillaume Tell* was given for the third time on Saturday. In the second act, M. Zelger, taken suddenly ill, was led off the stage by Sig. Tamberlik, and the trio for Arnold, Tell and Walter was omitted in consequence, one of the chorus taking place of M. Zelger in the grand finale.

The performance of *Il Trovatore* on Tuesday attracted an audience at once curious and interested, there being two first appearances, Mlle. Gordosa as Leonora and Mr. Santley as the Count di Luna. The lady, notwithstanding her name, is an Englishwoman, by name Botibol. She was a pupil of the Royal Academy of Music, and went to Italy to finish her education, where, we believe, she obtained some stage experience, having performed in some of the minor theatres. She is still young, and must not be judged by a first essay before such an audience as that of the Royal Italian Opera—enough indeed to dash the courage of veteran artists. Mlle. Gordosa has a "soprano" voice of legitimate compass, with good notes in the middle, and the upper notes somewhat worn, and we doubt not that it may at one period have boasted an "agreeable quality." Her timidity was extreme however, and we are thus debarred from forming a decided opinion as to her capabilities. Mr. Santley, on the other hand, made an unmistakable "hit," as indeed had been generally anticipated. His reception was uproarious, so much so, that it seemed wholly to unnerve him.

Of Signor Tamberlik's *Manrico* nothing more need be said than that it was as powerful and impressive as ever; unless it be, indeed, that he gave the graceful *cantilena*, "Ah si ben mai" with more than ordinary sentiment, and that the *cabaletta* "Di quella pira," by the unanticipated introduction of a magnificent *ut de poitrine* is quite a new place, electrified the audience, who applauded and recalled him with enthusiasm. Mad. Nantier-Didiée (her first appearance this year) was Azucena; Sig. Tagliafico, Ferrando.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE
LATEST MUSIC.
Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

I mourn thine absence. Ballad. *George Linley* 25

A charming song by this favorite author.

Gentle ray of sunlight. Song. *W. T. Wrighton* 25

Every one recalls the sweet song introduced to the American public by Miss Adelaide Phillips entitled "The dearest spot on earth to me is home." Here is another song by the same composer, and as far as the music is concerned, quite as good.

By a flowery path, (Par un chemin fleuri).

Concone 30

Another of those agreeable arrangements for three female voices, which under the general title of "Harmoniennes," have been so much sought for in Young Ladies' Schools. Having French as well as English words, their value is much enhanced. Their introduction in Convents has been quite general.

Canticles. "Have mercy upon me O Lord."
"O Lord my heart is ready."

Mrs. Louise A. Denton 35

A composition of decided merit, and deserves the attention of every lover of a high order of sacred song. The author is, we are informed, an accomplished singer, and teacher of the Piano and Voice in Buffalo, where her husband is also favorably known as the organist of Trinity Church.

Instrumental Music.

Prairie flower schottisch. *G. R. Lampard* 25

Foxglove March. *Ch. Grobe* 25

Somerville Polka. *J. W. Rhoades* 25

Pleasant compositions, easily arranged.

Livinia Waltz. *W. Withers, Jr.* 25

Emma Waltz. " " 25

Two uncommonly agreeable waltzes by a young composer whose name is seen too seldom.

Il Balen. Trovatore. *A. Baumbach* 35

A transcription for Piano of this best of Baritone songs. To those familiar with the graceful and sparkling arrangements of Mr. Baumbach, it is unnecessary to speak. If there are any so unfortunate as not to be acquainted with his works, we advise them to procure at once some numbers of the "Crown Jewels"—certainly his crowning work.

Books.

ARION: a collection of four-part songs for male voices, in separate vocal parts, with score. 5 Vols. bound in cloth. \$3.00

The want of a good collection of four part songs for men's voices has long been felt, and has been amply supplied in this work. Many of the finest gems that have hitherto remained exhausted, and therefore known only to the German societies, are now produced for the benefit of the many quartette clubs that exist in this country, who will be glad to add so many good things to their stock. Care has been taken to give a large variety from grave to gay, and to include nothing that is not really good. It is published in a most convenient form with each part separate, and a score for the use of the leader in rehearsal. The style in which it is published, the excellence of the music, and the low price all combine to render it most worthy of the attention of all amateur quartette clubs.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

